THE RANDY NEWMAN SONGBOOK

Many of the words used in the modern-day record business – A&R, singer-songwriter, record, album – have seen their meaning change over time as the business has gone through seismic shifts, of which the recent move into digital streaming is just the latest, although particularly significant to those who missed out on all of the others.

A&R, for instance, that most coveted of all jobs in the record business, stands for "artist and repertoire," a profession that has had its meaning change at least twice over the last five decades. But prior to the mid-'60s, the role of the A&R man (because at that time there were only men doing that job) was to work with an artist, often a singer with a smooth voice, to find appropriate repertoire to record. During the pre-Dylan, pre-Beatles era it was rare for singers to write their own music, and *Artist and Repertoire* perfectly described the job. The songs could come from the great 40-year stretch of Broadway shows, or from the Brill Buildings in New York, Memphis, Detroit, Chicago, Los Angeles; everywhere around the country people were looking to create hits for the stars of the day.

Things changed, of course, in the mid-'60s, as practically every iconic artist, starting with the Beatles, Dylan, the Stones, Led Zeppelin, Joni Mitchell, and so on began writing their own material. The "pure" singer, who was supplied music, largely slipped away from the center of the record world, and a new word was born – the singer/songwriter. Even this is a misnomer, though; it really was the beginning of the age of the *songwriter/singer*. Records were now a medium where the power of a song could be expressed by its creator, with the idea of the "beautiful" voice no longer the criterion for judging an artist's quality.

If Randy Newman were 20 years older, and had emerged in the mid-'40s instead of the mid-'60s, he would have been a songwriter, writing for others. In fact, that's how his career began. It took some convincing from his old friend Lenny Waronker, then, as now, in the A&R department of Warner Bros., for him to record his own work.

Of all the great songwriters who wrote primarily for themselves in the first 20 years of the second half of the 20th century, Bob Dylan, Paul Simon, Lennon-McCartney, and Joni Mitchell would certainly be counted among Randy Newman's peers. This group of songwriter/singers stands in sharp contrast to the great songwriters of the first half of the century, including George and Ira Gershwin, Rodgers and Hammerstein (and Hart), Irving Berlin, Cole Porter, Harold Arlen, and others, all of whom wrote primarily for the Broadway stage, and whose songs, taken out of context of the original shows, became even more famous when others began to perform and record them. Of the more recent writers, it might be said that Randy Newman, though clearly a man of his times, has closer links to an earlier generation of songwriters than any of the other great post-'60s songwriters aside from Stephen Sondheim, whom I would also count among Randy Newman's peers even though he's written almost exclusively for others to sing on the stage.

One of those earlier writers, Harold Arlen, was the son of a cantor, and was a wonderfully expressive singer. He recorded more of his own songs than any of his peers (George Gershwin, of course, made many recordings of his piano playing but not singing the songs he wrote). And hearing Arlen's songs performed by Arlen – strong musically and lyrically (though the lyrics were written by others), and sung on recordings that were not made for a commercial market, made me think of Randy, and his unique links to both the modern era and the past. How valuable for this generation to have the Arlen recordings; you heard him sing "Come Rain or Come Shine," and every version you hear after it is changed because his intentions, in terms of phrasing, his embrace of language, his tempos, give it a kind of authenticity you can't find elsewhere. (It is hard to imagine a Bob Dylan, a Paul Simon, or a Joni Mitchell to have written a song like "Come Rain or Come Shine," but, in terms of the musical composition, when you look at the chord progressions and at the leaps in harmony, you can see a connection between Newman and a composer like Arlen.)

When I first proposed this Songbook to Randy, he winced; I'm not sure he understood why – maybe he still doesn't understand, or maybe he's being modest. Unlike Arlen, Newman actually recorded all of these songs, on beloved and widely disseminated solo recordings, mostly for Reprise, where he was able to bring all of his unique talents, not only as a composer of music and writer of words but as an arranger, orchestrator, conductor, pianist, in ideal versions of this endless well of classic songs.

Perhaps this set of recordings might be seen as an addendum to his originals, stripped down to just piano and voice. But for me, the revelation as a listener was that at their most basic level, these songs worked in a way I sometimes missed in larger recordings, because at the core of Randy's work, for me, are the words – his vision is unique, almost bordering on performance art; and the music, harmonically sophisticated, melodically perfect, doing everything a song is supposed to do. Randy's words give us a unique take on the world, and his music supports them emotionally in a way that seems inevitable.

One of the things this album of songs does, taken out of context from the times they were created in, times in which certain styles of orchestration, or sounds, that came from a specific era might slip in or out, is that there is continuity in this body of work that has now lived on for over 50 years. Some great composers like Beethoven had early, middle, and late periods, but it isn't true for all composers. The songs of Schubert and Sondheim stand as a single body of work; for them it matters less at what stage a song was written, and I believe this to be true of Randy. Songs he wrote in the '60s possess the same harmonic language, the same poignancy and ambiguity, as songs he is writing today, and everything that falls in between shares a DNA that creates a unique and original character.

And they are *records* – another one of those words that has changed through the years – a *record* of Randy Newman singing and playing his songs, like a newspaper is a *record* of a day's events. When the Grammy is handed out for Record of the Year, that is a different meaning of the word, although not necessarily a less valuable one: it is not a record of a song but a collaboration of many hands to create something new that could not have existed without the magic of technology, the studio, and a cadre of collaborators – more like a film, or a commercial; a confection. (And in this respect, the meaning of artist-and-repertoire representative is changed once again, returning to the '50s role of finding songs for singers rather than signing artists whose work is based on their compositions and their unique way of expressing their music.)

At a time when the public is once again redefining its relationship to the "record" and the "album," it is still valuable to remember the profound importance recordings have to generations born long after those records were made; the 20th century and the first part of the 21st are unique in the fact of having these artifacts, and of course, if we had records of Bach playing the organ, or Beethoven playing the fortepiano, it would have changed our own meaning of what they accomplished. In the last 60 years we have been able to capture Dylan singing Dylan, and Mitchell singing Mitchell, and let's add Sufjan Stevens singing Sufjan Stevens. We know there will be more to come. Here we have Newman singing Newman: we are witness to a particular and original genius of songwriting whose gifts seem to grow deeper and more revelatory the more we hear as the years go on.

—Robert Hurwitz, July 2015

I first met Randy Newman in 1999 at the Bel Air Hotel in Los Angeles. I was there to interview him. He arrived dressed in tweed. Everyone else by the pool looked like *Playboy*'s Miss Millennium. I don't choose that analogy randomly. While I was waiting for him to turn up I got talking to a woman who told me she had just been crowned *Playboy*'s Miss Millennium. He wasn't alone. He was there with his manager and publicist. Both women were dressed in elegant, simple black. He said hello to me. Then he suddenly turned to them and bellowed: "You look like two FUNEREAL WHORES! GOTH WHORES!" There was a moment's stunned silence. Then everyone started laughing.

He didn't mean it, of course. He was in character. Perhaps I shouldn't mention that. He told me once that he considers it a failure when people say, "Oh, it's just Randy Newman. He doesn't mean it." It's more complicated and interesting and uncomfortable than that. Sure, sometimes his narrators are crazy people all the way over there: "Asia's crowded, Europe's too old. Africa is far too hot and Canada's too cold. And South America stole our name. Let's drop the big one, there'll be no one left to blame us" ("Political Science"). But other times you're struck by the startling realization that the monsters in the songs are a terrible version of *him*. Take "Real Emotional Girl": "She's a real emotional girl. She wears her heart on her sleeve. Every little thing you tell her, she'll believe. She really will. She even cries in her sleep. I've heard her." The first few times you hear that song you might think, "Oh, that's sweet." But then it hits you. This is really a song about a songwriter who's so callous and narcissistic he's willing to sell out a troubled, sleeping woman for a song. She's crying in her sleep and he's thinking: "I can write a song about this."

I love how so many of the songs here are about something totally different to what you probably first thought. They're like great mystery movies – like *Sleuth* or *The Usual Suspects* – puzzles to be solved. Take "The Girls in My Life (Part 1)": "Then came a pretty young French girl, mmm, whom I met in Las Vegas. When I was there with my parents. Oh my! We had a *real* nice conversation." That last line – you suddenly realize it's not a euphemism. It's literal. All he did was have a conversation with her. So the sleazy narrator suddenly transforms into a feeble person – all empty swagger.

I was at a Randy Newman concert in London in the mid-1990s when he played that song. When he got to the "conversation" line 2,500 people sat there in silence. But one man about twenty rows back burst into fits of laughter. A single laughing voice, echoing through the theatre, suddenly getting the joke. That's a very happy memory.

I once asked Randy Newman about writing songs like "Real Emotional Girl," songs so brutal and blunt there's a very real danger of collateral damage. "Those songs are almost exercises in how far a writer will go in disrupting his private life," he replied. "They're rough and shocking. And they don't bring any expiation. They don't make it better."

I wince when I read this quote back because I know exactly what he means. For years I wrote a magazine column about my domestic life. He's right: doing that kind of thing is rough and shocking and it doesn't make anything better.

Anyway, back to the Bel Air Hotel. The photographer took Randy's picture by the pool. He twirled the cord of the linen parasol. The photographer snapped his twirling action. "Everything I do," Randy explained merrily, "is *interesting*!"

Meeting there had been my idea. The hotel gets a name-check in his masterpiece of "aggressive ignorance," as he calls it, "My Life Is Good." It's a song about some Hollywood big-shot – or perhaps the man just imagines himself to be a big-shot – called to his son's school because the boy's been misbehaving. His trigger-response is to yell at the teacher about how good his life is: "Teacher, let me tell you a story. Just this morning my wife and I went to this hotel in the hills. That's right. The Bel Air Hotel. Where a very good friend of ours happens to be staying. And the name of this young man is Mr. Bruce Springsteen. That's right, yeah."

I told Randy my reason for choosing the location. He looked blankly at me. Then he recited the lyric under his breath before emerging to say, "Oh yeah! I *do* mention the hotel in that song!"

In the version of "My Life Is Good" here, by the way, he doesn't include the name of the hotel. So I guess he forgot again. Humans and our lousy memories!

Memory loss is such a fascinating subject, and one Randy has written about in a song called "Potholes" (not included here): "God bless the potholes down on memory lane. Everything that happens to me now is consigned to oblivion by my brain. I hope some real big ones open up and take some of the memories that do remain." He wrote that song in 2008, when he was 65. He's 71 now. I'm sure the potholes are real. And I know exactly what he means – the unspeakable horror and savage consolation of memory loss. I'm glad this wonderful four-volume collection will remain once the big potholes come and take everything away.

That day at the Bel Air Hotel he talked about his childhood, about how when he was eight a girl asked him on a date to a country club, but then the girl's father phoned him to say the date had to be cancelled because the club didn't let Jews in.

"That's okay, sir," he said, and hung up. Then he called out: "Hey Dad? What's a Jew?"

He talked about social embarrassment: "One time at the Bitter End I spent ten minutes telling Dylan what a very great fan I was of his work before I realized I was talking to the guy sitting next to Dylan."

He talked about his disappointing sales figures: "Basically, my career has been a disappointment to me. There are 40,000 people out there who just love me. But they may be surprised to hear I've been aiming . . . beyond them. I just haven't been doing it very well."

All the things he's interested in – social embarrassment, disappointing sales figures, aggressive ignorance, selling your loved ones out for good writing, anti-Semitism and assimilation, and on and on – they're all the things *I'm* interested in. It's eerie. Maybe everyone has a thought-process doppelganger somewhere in the world, someone who thinks exactly the same thoughts you do. I believe Randy Newman is my thought-process doppelganger. I don't find it frustrating – the idea every thought I have has already been had by him. I find it heartening. It makes me feel like I'm on the right track. Randy Newman is like my sensei.

I've been thinking about him a lot this year. I've been writing about the annihilation on social media of a woman called Justine Sacco, who tweeted – just before getting on a plane to Cape Town – "Going to Africa. Hope I don't get AIDS. Just kidding. I'm white!" Randy Newman fans will recognize that this is already a very Randy Newman story.

She boarded the plane, slept, woke up eleven hours later, stretched, turned on her phone, and straightaway there was a text from someone she hadn't spoken to since high school: "I am *so sorry* to see what's happening to you."

You can guess what happened while she slept. Her tweet went around the world. She was fired, her reputation shredded. She became for millions the epitome of horrendous white privilege.

Of course her real crime was not being as good at self-reflexive irony as Randy Newman. Even so, I think it's a good idea for Randy to stay a long way away from Twitter. Imagine if the lyrics to "Short People" or "I Love L.A." had been written as a series of tweets:

"Short people got no reason to live..."

"Look at that mountain, look at those trees. Look at that bum over there, man, he's down on his knees..."

As I write this I'm experiencing my own mini Twitter-shaming. Hundreds of people have decided I must be supporting Justine Sacco because I'm a racist too. It is a trying time. I am comforted by something Randy Newman said to me during the second time I interviewed him. It was in 2007 and I was making a TV documentary about him called *I Am, Unfortunately, Randy Newman*. He was telling me about what happened after "Short People" became a hit. "At parties short people were throwing pies at my picture," he said, "burning the album. I lost my sense of humor about it. I thought, *Leave me alone. All right.* If you're going to have a hit – it's like I was punished. It was the worst kind of hit you could have. It was like noisy money."

So Randy offered no practical advice on how to survive a scandal. But he offered something else instead – smart, funny, poignant words: "*Noisy money.*"

In the end smart, funny, poignant words and music are a massive help by themselves.

—Jon Ronson, June 2015

THE RANDY NEWMAN SONGBOOK VOL. 1

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Originally released in 2003

IT'S LONELY AT THE TOP

I've been around the world
Had my pick of any girl
You'd think I'd be happy
But I'm not
Everybody knows my name
But it's just a crazy game
Oh it's lonely at the top

Listen to the band, they're playing just for me
Listen to the people paying just for me
All the applause, all the parades
And all the money I have made
Oh it's lonely at the top

Listen, all you fools out there
Go on and love me, I don't care
Oh it's lonely at the top
Oh it's lonely at the top

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GOD'S SONG (THAT'S WHY I LOVE MANKIND)

Cain slew Abel, Seth knew not why
For if the children of Israel were to multiply
Why must any of the children die
So he asked the Lord
And the Lord said:

Man means nothing, he means less to me
Than the lowliest cactus flower
Or the humblest yucca tree
He chases 'round this desert
'Cause he thinks that's where I'll be
That's why I love mankind

I recoil in horror from the foulness of thee
From the squalor, and the filth, and the misery
How we laugh up here in heaven at the prayers you offer me
That's why I love mankind

The Christians and the Jews were having a jamboree
The Buddhists and the Hindus joined on satellite TV
They picked their four greatest priests
And they began to speak
They said, Lord, a plague is on the world
Lord, no man is free
The temples that we built to you
Have tumbled into the sea
Lord, if you won't take care of us
Won't you please, please let us be
And the Lord said
And the Lord said

I burn down your cities, how blind you must be
I take from you your children and you say how blessed are we
You all must be crazy to put your faith in me

That's why I love mankind
You really need me
That's why I love mankind

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LOUISIANA 1927

What has happened down here is the winds have changed
Clouds roll in from the north and it starts to rain
Rained real hard and rained for a real long time
Six feet of water in the streets of Evangeline

The river rose all day
The river rose all night
Some people got lost in the flood
Some people got away alright
The river has busted through clear down to Plaquemines
Six feet of water in the streets of Evangeline

Louisiana, Louisiana
They're tryin' to wash us away
They're tryin' to wash us away
Louisiana, Louisiana
They're tryin' to wash us away
They're tryin' to wash us away

President Coolidge come down in a railroad train
With a little fat man with a notepad in his hand
The President say, "Little fat man, isn't it a shame what the river had done
To this poor cracker's land"

Louisiana, Louisiana
They're tryin' to wash us away
They're tryin' to wash us away
Louisiana, Louisiana
They're tryin' to wash us away
They're tryin' to wash us away
They're tryin' to wash us away
They're tryin' to wash us away

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LET ME GO

Maybe I'll write you a letter
Maybe I'll give you a call
Maybe I'll drop you a line
When I'm feeling better
Maybe I won't after all

Somewhere the river is flowing
Rolling on into the sea
Somewhere the flower is growing
That don't mean anything to me

Let me go
Let me go
Let me go
Don't give me the answer
'Cause I don't want to know
Just let my heart go on beating a little bit longer
I'm so young
I'm so young

Don't pick me up
If you think you see me falling
I've been waiting so long to fall
Don't come to me
If you think you hear me calling
It won't be me that called

Let me go
Let me go
Let me go
Don't give me the answer
'Cause I don't want to know
Just let my heart go beating a little bit longer
I'm so young
I'm so young
I'm so young
I'm so young

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REDNECKS

Last night I saw Lester Maddox on a TV show
With some smart-ass New York Jew
And the Jew laughed at Lester Maddox
And the audience laughed at Lester Maddox too
Well he may be a fool but he's our fool
If they think they're better than him they're wrong
So I went to the park and I took some paper along
And that's where I made this song

We talk real funny down here
We drink too much and we laugh too loud
We're too dumb to make it in no Northern town
And we're keepin' the niggers down

We got no-necked oilmen from Texas
Good ol' boys from Tennessee
And college men from LSU
Went in dumb, come out dumb too
Hustlin' 'round Atlanta in their alligator shoes
Gettin' drunk every weekend at the barbeques
And they're keepin' the niggers down

We're rednecks, we're rednecks
We don't know our ass from a hole in the ground
We're rednecks, we're rednecks
And we're keepin' the niggers down

Now your Northern nigger's a negro
You see he's got his dignity
Down here we're too ignorant to realize
That the North has set the nigger free

Yes he's free to be put in a cage
In Harlem in New York City
And he's free to be put in a cage on the south side of Chicago
And the west side
And he's free to be put in a cage in Hough in Cleveland
And he's free to be put in a cage in East St. Louis
And he's free to be put in a cage in Fillmore in San Francisco
And he's free to be put in a cage in Roxbury in Boston
They're gatherin' 'em up from miles around
Keepin' the niggers down

We're rednecks, we're rednecks
We don't know our ass from a hole in the ground
We're rednecks, we're rednecks
And we're keeping the niggers down
We are keeping the niggers down

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AVALON

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LIVING WITHOUT YOU

The milk truck hauls the sun up
And the paper hits the door
The subway shakes my floor
And I think about you
Time to face the dawning gray
Of another lonely day
Baby, it's so hard
Living without you

It's so hard
Baby, it's so hard
Baby, it's so hard
Living without you

Everyone's got something
And they're out trying to get some more
They got something to get up for

Well, I ain't about to
Nothing's gonna happen
Nothing's gonna change
Baby, it's so hard
Living without you

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I THINK IT'S GOING TO RAIN TODAY

Broken windows and empty hallways
A pale dead moon in a sky streaked with gray
Human kindness is overflowing
And I think it's going to rain today

Scarecrows dressed in the latest styles
With frozen smiles to chase love away
Human kindness is overflowing
And I think it's going to rain today

Lonely, lonely
Tin can at my feet
Think I'll kick it down the street
That's the way to treat a friend

Bright before me the signs implore me
Help the needy and show them the way
Human kindness is overflowing
And I think it's going to rain today

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YOU CAN LEAVE YOUR HAT ON

Baby, take off your coat real slow
Baby, take off your shoes – I'll take your shoes
Baby, take off your dress
Yes yes yes
You can leave your hat on
You can leave your hat on
You can leave your hat on

Go on over there and turn on the light
No, all the lights
Now come back here and stand on this chair, that's right
Raise your arms up into the air, shake 'em
You give me reason to live
You give me reason to live
You give me reason to live

Suspicious minds are talking
Trying to tear us apart
They say that my love is wrong
They don't know what love is
They don't know what love is
They don't know what love is
They don't know what love is
They don't know what love is
I know what love is

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IT'S MONEY THAT I LOVE

I don't love the mountains
And I don't love the sea
And I don't love Jesus
He never done a thing for me
I ain't pretty like my sister
Or smart like my dad
Or good like my mama

It's money that I love
It's money that I love

They say that money
Can't buy love in this world
But it'll get you a half-pound of cocaine
And a nineteen-year-old girl
And a great big long limousine
On a hot September night
Now that may not be love

But it is all right
One, two
It's money that I love
Wanna kiss you
Three, four
It's money that I love

Used to worry about the poor
But I don't worry anymore
Used to worry about the black man
Now I don't worry about the black man
Used to worry about the starving children of India
You know what I say now about the starving children of India
I say, Oh mama

It's money that I love
It's money that I love
It's money that I love

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MARIE

You looked like a princess the night we met
With your hair piled up high
I will never forget
I'm drunk right now, baby
But I've got to be
Or I never could tell you
What you mean to me

I loved you the first time I saw you
And I always will love you, Marie
I loved you the first time I saw you
And I always will love you, Marie

You're the song that the trees sing when the wind blows
You're a flower, you're a river, you're a rainbow
Sometimes I'm crazy
But I guess you know
I'm weak and I'm lazy
And I've hurt you so
And I don't listen to a word you say
When you're in trouble I just turn away

But I love you and I loved you the first time I saw you
And I always will love you Marie
I loved you the first time I saw you
And I always will love you Marie

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WHEN SHE LOVED ME

Walt Disney Music Company (ASCAP)/Pixar Talking Pictures (ASCAP), administered by Walt Disney Music Company.

SAIL AWAY

In America you'll get food to eat
Won't have to run through the jungle
And scuff up your feet
You'll just sing about Jesus and drink wine all day
It's great to be an American
Ain't no lions or tigers, ain't no mamba snake
Just the sweet watermelon and the buckwheat cake
Ev'rybody is as happy as a man can be
Climb aboard little wog, sail away with me

Sail away, sail away
We will cross the mighty ocean into Charleston Bay
Sail away, sail away
We will cross the mighty ocean into Charleston Bay

In America every man is free
To take care of his home and his family
You'll be as happy as a monkey in a monkey tree
You're all gonna be an American

Sail away, sail away
We will cross the mighty ocean into Charleston Bay
Sail away, sail away
We will cross the mighty ocean into Charleston Bay

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THE WORLD ISN'T FAIR

When Karl Marx was a boy
He took a hard look around
He saw people were starving all over the place
While others were painting the town (buh, buh, buh)
The public-spirited boy
Became a public-spirited man
So he worked very hard and he read everything
Until he came up with a plan

There'll be no exploitation
Of the worker or his kin
No discrimination 'cause the color of your skin
No more private property
It would not be allowed
No one could rise too high
No one could sink too low
Or go under completely like some we all know

If Marx were living today
He'd be rolling around in his grave
And if I had him here in my mansion on the hill
I'd tell him a story t'would give his old heart a chill
It's something that happened to me

I'd say, Karl, I recently stumbled
Into a new family
With two little children in school
Where all little children should be
I went to the orientation
All the young mommies were there
Karl, you never have seen such a glorious sight
As these beautiful women arrayed for the night
Just like countesses, empresses, movie stars and queens
And they'd come there with men much like me
Froggish men, unpleasant to see

Were you to kiss one, Karl
Nary a prince would there be

Oh Karl, the world isn't fair
It isn't and never will be
They tried out your plan
It brought misery instead
If you'd seen how they worked it
You'd be glad you were dead
Just like I'm glad I'm living in the land of the free
Where the rich just get richer
And the poor you don't ever have to see
It would depress us, Karl
Because we care
That the world still isn't fair

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POLITICAL SCIENCE

No one likes us, I don't know why
We may not be perfect but heaven knows we try
But all around even our old friends put us down
Let's drop the big one and pulverize them

Asia's crowded and Europe's too old
Africa is far too hot
And Canada's too cold
And South America stole our name
Let's drop the big one
There'll be no one left to blame us

We'll save Australia
Don't wanna hurt no kangaroo
We'll build an all-American amusement park there
They got surfin' too

Boom goes London and boom Paree
More room for you and more room for me
And every city the whole world round
Will just be another American town
Oh how peaceful it will be
We'll set everybody free
You'll wear a Japanese kimono
And there'll be Italian shoes for me
They all hate us anyhow
So let's drop the big one now
Let's drop the big one now

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THE GREAT NATIONS OF EUROPE

The great nations of Europe
Had gathered on the shore
They'd conquered what was behind them
And now they wanted more
So they looked to the mighty ocean
And took to the western sea
The great nations of Europe in the sixteenth century

Hide your wives and daughters
Hide the groceries too
The great nations of Europe coming through

The Grand Canary Islands
First land to which they came
They slaughtered all the canaries
Which gave the land its name
There were natives there called Guanches
Guanches by the score
Bullets, disease, the Portuguese, and they weren't there anymore
Now they're gone, they're gone, they're really gone
You've never seen anyone so gone
They're a picture in a museum
Some lines written in a book
But you won't find a live one no matter where you look

Hide your wives and daughters
Hide the groceries too
Great nations of Europe coming through

Columbus sailed for India
Found Salvador instead
He shook hands with some Indians and soon they all were dead
They got TB and typhoid and athlete's foot
Diphtheria and the flu

Excuse me – great nations coming through

Balboa found the Pacific
And on the trail one day
He met some friendly Indians
Whom he was told were gay
So he had them torn apart by dogs on religious
grounds they say
The great nations of Europe were quite holy in their way
Now they're gone, they're gone, they're really gone
You've never seen anyone so gone
Some bones hidden in the canyon
Some paintings in a cave
There's no use trying to save them
There's nothing left to save

Hide your wives and daughters
Hide your sons as well
With the great nations of Europe you never can tell

From where you and I are standing
At the end of the century
Europes have sprung up everywhere as even I can see
But there on the horizon as a possibility
Some bug from out of Africa might come for you and me
Destroying everything in its path
From sea to shining sea
Like the great nations of Europe
In the sixteenth century

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IN GERMANY BEFORE THE WAR

In Germany before the war
There was a man who owned a store
In nineteen hundred thirty-four
In Dusseldorf

And every day at five-o-nine
He'd cross the park down to the Rhine
And he'd sit there by the shore

I'm looking at the river
But I'm thinking of the sea
Thinking of the sea
I'm looking at the river
But I'm thinking of the sea

A little girl has lost her way
With hair of gold and eyes of gray
Reflected in his glasses
As he watches her
A little girl has lost her way

I'm looking at the river
But I'm thinking of the sea
Thinking of the sea
Thinking of the sea

We lie beneath the autumn sky
My little golden girl and I
And she lies very still

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RAGTIME

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THE RANDY NEWMAN SONGBOOK VOL. 2

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13. Laugh and Be Happy 2:20
14. Lucinda 1:39
15. Dayton, Ohio – 1903 1:53
16. Cowboy 2:24

Originally released in 2011

DIXIE FLYER

I was born right here, November '43
My dad was a captain in the army
Fighting the Germans in Sicily
My poor little momma
Didn't know a soul in L.A.
So we went down to the Union Station and made our getaway

Got on the Dixie Flyer bound for New Orleans
Across the state of Texas to the land of dreams
On the Dixie Flyer bound for New Orleans
Back to her friends and her family in the land of dreams

Her own mother came down to the station to meet us
Her dress as black as a crow in a coal mine
She cried when her little girl got off the train
Her brothers and her sisters came down from Jackson, Mississippi
In a great green Hudson driven by a Gentile they knew
Drinkin' rye whiskey from a flask in the back seat
Tryin' to do like the Gentiles do
Christ, they wanted to be Gentiles, too
Who wouldn't down there, wouldn't you?
An American Christian, God damn!

On the Dixie Flyer bound for New Orleans
Across the state of Texas to the land of dreams
On the Dixie Flyer bound for New Orleans
Back to her friends and her family in the land of dreams
Back to her friends and her family in the land of dreams

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YELLOW MAN

Very far away in a foreign land
Live the yellow woman and the yellow man
He's been around for many a year
They say they were there before we were here

Eating rice all day
While the children play
You see he believes
In the family
Just like you and me

Oh yellow man, oh yellow man
We understand, you know we understand

He keeps his money tight in his hand
With his yellow woman he's a yellow man
Got to have a yellow woman
When you're a yellow man

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SUZANNE

I saw your name, baby
In a telephone booth
And it told all about you, mama
Boy, I hope it was the truth
I took down your number
Looked up your address, Sue
And I was hoping that maybe
You could love me, too

I'm gonna wait in the shadows
For you to come by
I'm gonna wait in the shadows
For you to come by
And then I'll jump from the shadows
To try and catch your eye
Gonna run my fingers through your hair

Now I don't want to get too romantic
That's just not my way
But when I get my arms around you
I'm gonna rock you all the night
Gonna rock you all the day
Suzanne, you won't know it but I'll be behind you
Don't try and run away from me, little girl
Wherever you go I'll find you
And when you go to the pictures
And I know you do
Don't take no one with you
'Cause I'll be there, too
Suzanne

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THE GIRLS IN MY LIFE (PART 1)

Was a little girl
Maybe five-foot-two
Had the cutest little feet
Made my heart go tweet-tweet
Quite a pleasant disposition

Then came a pretty young French girl, mmm
Whom I met in Las Vegas
When I was there with my parents
Oh my
Had a real nice conversation

Met a girl at the bakery
She wanted to borrow my car from me
I said, "Take it, baby"
She took it down

To Mexico
Ran over a man named Juan

Then I went to college
Met a college girl
She lived in the sorority house
Across from school
Got a real fine education
Had seven women on my mind

Now I'm married
Have a very lovely wife
Three cute little boys
It's so nice
And that's just half the story
Of the girls in my life

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KINGFISH

There's a hundred-thousand Frenchmen in New Orleans
In New Orleans there are Frenchmen everywhere
But your house could fall down
Your baby could drown
Wouldn't none of those Frenchmen care

Everybody gather 'round
Loosen up your suspenders
Hunker down on the ground
I'm a cracker
And you're one too
But don't I take good care of you

Who built the highway to Baton Rouge?
Who put up the hospital and built your schools?
Who looks after shit-kickers like you?
The Kingfish do

Who gave a party at the Roosevelt Hotel?
And invited the whole north half of the state down there for free
The people in the city
Had their eyes bugging out
'Cause everyone looked just like me

It's the Kingfish, the Kingfish
Everybody sing
It's the Kingfish, the Kingfish
Every man a king

Who took on the Standard Oilmen
And whipped their ass
Just like he promised he'd do?
Ain't no Standard Oilmen gonna run this state
Gonna be run by little folks like me and you

It's the Kingfish, the Kingfish
Friend of the working man
It's the Kingfish, the Kingfish
The Kingfish gonna save this land

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LOSING YOU

Was a fool with my money
And I lost every dime
And the sun stopped shining
And it rained all the time
It did set me back some
But I made it through
But I'll never get over losing you

Do you know how much you mean to me?
Should've told you 'cause it's true
I'd get over losing anything
But I'll never get over losing you

When you're young
And there's time
You forget the past
You don't think that you will
But you do
But I know right now I don't have time enough
And I'll never get over losing you

I've been cold
I've been hungry
But not for awhile
I guess most of my dreams have come true
With it all here around me
No peace do I find
'Cause I'll never get over losing you
No, I'll never get over losing you

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SANDMAN'S COMING

Close your eyes now, little girl
They don't want to hear you cryin'
You never had a chance
You never had a chance

It's a great big dirty world
If they say it ain't they're lyin'
Sandman's comin' soon
You know he's comin' soon

Close your eyes and dream
A little dream for you and me
Dream yourself a place where we can go
Baby, you never know

Close your eyes now, little girl
Go to sleep, my little baby
Sandman's comin' soon

You know he's comin' soon

Sandman's comin' soon
You know he's comin' soon

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MY LIFE IS GOOD

A couple of weeks ago
My wife and I
Took a little trip down to
Mexico
Met this young girl there
We brought her back with us
Now she lives with us
In our home
She cleans the hallway
She cleans the stair
She cleans the living room
She wipes the baby's ass
She drives the kids to school
She does the laundry too
She wrote this song for me
Listen
Yeah

The other afternoon
My wife and I
Took a little ride into
Beverly Hills
Went to the private school
Our oldest child attends
Many famous people send their children there
This teacher says to us
"We have a problem here
This child just will not do
A thing I tell him to
And he's such a big old thing
He hurts the other children
All the games they play, he plays too rough –"
Hold it teacher
Wait a minute
Maybe my ears are clogged or something
Maybe I'm not understanding
The English language
Dear, you don't seem to realize

My life is good
My life is good, you old bat
My life is good
My life

Just this evening
Some young associates of ours
Are flying in to see us from
New York City
They're gonna stay with us
Oh, a couple of weeks or so
I'm gonna take 'em to
Restaurants and everything
Gonna get 'em some
Real good cocaine
They don't get much
Where they come from
And this one guy's wife
Is such a pretty little brown thing
That I'm liable to give her a poke or two
Whaddaya think of that?

Teacher, let me tell you a little story
Just this morning
My wife and I
Went to this big hotel in the hills
Where a very good friend of ours
Happens to be staying
And the name of this young man
Is Mr. Bruce Springsteen
Yeah, we talked about some kind of
Woodblock or something
And this new guitar we like
And you know what he said to me
I'll tell you what he said to me
He said, "Rand, I'm tired
How would you like to be the Boss for awhile?"
Well, yeah

My life is good
My life is good

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BIRMINGHAM

Got a wife, got a family
Earn my livin' with my hand
I'm a roller in a steel mill
In downtown Birmingham

My daddy was a barber
And a most unsightly man
He was born in Tuscaloosa
But he died right here in Birmingham

Birmingham, Birmingham
The greatest city in Alabam'
You can travel 'cross this entire land
But there ain't no place like Birmingham

My wife's named Mary
But she's called Marie
We live in a three-room house
With a pepper tree
I work all day in the factory
That's all right with me

Got a big black dog
Whose name is Dan

Lives in my backyard in Birmingham
He is the meanest dog in Alabam'
Get 'em, Dan

Birmingham, Birmingham
The greatest city in Alabam'
You can travel 'cross this entire land
But there ain't no place like Birmingham

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LAST NIGHT I HAD A DREAM

Last night I had a dream
You were in it, and I was in it with you
Everyone that I know
And everyone that you know was in my dream
I saw a vampire
I saw a ghost
Everybody scared me but you scared me the most
In the dream I had last night
In the dream I had last night
In my dream

It started out in a barnyard at sundown
And everyone was laughing and you were lying on the ground
You said, "Honey, can you tell me what your name is?"
"Honey, can you tell me what your name is?"
I said, "You know what my name is"

Last night I had a dream
You were in it, and I was in it with you
Everyone that I know
And everyone that you know was in my dream
I saw a vampire
I saw a ghost
Everybody scared me but you scared me the most
In the dream I had last night
In the dream I had last night
In my dream

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SAME GIRL

You're still the same girl you always were
You're still the same girl

A few more nights on the street, that's all
A few more holes in your arm
A few more years with me, that's all

You're still the same girl

With the same sweet smile that you always had
And the same blue eyes like the sun
And the same clear voice

You're still the same girl
That I love

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BALTIMORE

Beat-up little seagull
On a marble stair
Tryin' to find the ocean
Lookin' everywhere

Hard times in the city
In a hard town by the sea
Ain't nowhere to run to
There ain't nothin' here for free

Hooker on the corner
Waitin' for a train
Drunk lyin' on the sidewalk
Sleepin' in the rain

And they hide their faces
And they hide their eyes
'Cause the city's dyin'
And they don't know why

Oh, Baltimore
Man, it's hard just to live
Oh, Baltimore
Man, it's hard just to live, just to live

Get my sister Sandy
And my little brother Ray
Gonna buy a big old wagon
To haul us all away

Live out in the country
Where the mountain's high
Never comin' back here
'Til the day I die

Oh, Baltimore
Man, it's hard just to live
Oh, Baltimore
Man, it's hard just to live, just to live

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LAUGH AND BE HAPPY

I know what's going on here
Ain't no great mystery
Y'all have lost faith in yourselves
It's as clear as it can be

You can whine all you want to
Drown in your misery
Or you can listen to me
Listen to me

Laugh and be happy
Don't you ever wear a frown
Don't let the bastards grind you down

Laugh and be happy
It's a simple thing to do
Believe in your dreams
And your dreams will come true for you

There'll be a red sun shining in a sky so blue
Blackbirds singing in the trees

There'll be a real silver lining
Up there for me and you
Listen to me
Listen to me

Now the country that we're living in
You mean the good ol' USA?
That's right!
It's never been about keeping you out
It's about inviting you in and letting you play

So laugh and be happy
Smile right in their face
'Cause pretty soon
You're gonna take their place

You'll come a-whack whack whackin' like old man trouble
Whacking on their front door
They want to send you packin' on the double
But you ain't going away no more

Laugh and be happy
Don't you ever wear a frown
Get right back on your feet
Whenever they knock you down

You've got to laugh and be happy
Believe me when I say
Everything's going to go your way
You'll be on top of the world

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LUCINDA

We met one summer evening
As the sun was going down
She was lying on the beach
In her graduation gown
She was wrapped up in a blanket
(I could tell she knew her way around)
And as I lay down beside her
You know she never made a sound

On down the beach came the beach-cleaning man
Scoopin' up the papers and flattening down the sand
"Lucinda, Lucinda, Lucinda – we've got to run away
That big white truck is closin' in
And we'll get wounded if we stay"

Now Lucinda lies buried 'neath the California sand
Put under by the beach-cleaning man
Lucinda, Lucinda, Lucinda – why'd you have to go?
They sent her to high school
They sent her to low school
She just wouldn't go no further

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DAYTON, OHIO – 1903

Sing a song of long ago
When things were green and movin' slow
And people'd stop to say hello
Or they'd say "hi" to you
"Would you like to come over for tea
With the missus and me?"
It's a real nice way
To spend the day
In Dayton, Ohio
On a lazy Sunday afternoon in 1903

Sing a song of long ago
When trees could grow
And days flowed quietly
The air was clean and you could see
And folks were nice to you
"Would you like to come over for tea
With the missus and me?"
It's a real nice way
To spend the day
In Dayton, Ohio
On a lazy Sunday afternoon in 1903

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COWBOY

Cold gray buildings where a hill should be
Steel and concrete closin' in on me
City faces haunt the places
I rode alone
Cowboy, cowboy – can't run, can't hide
Too late to fight now, too tired to try

Wind that once blew free
Now scatters dust to the sky
Cowboy, cowboy – can't run, can't hide
Too late to fight now, too tired to try

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THE RANDY NEWMAN SONGBOOK VOL. 3

1. Short People 2:09
2. Mama Told Me Not to Come 1:56
3. Love Story (You and Me) 3:06
4. Burn On 2:30
5. You've Got a Friend in Me 2:06
6. Rollin' 2:32
7. Guilty 2:45
8. Simon Smith and the Amazing Dancing Bear 1:47
9. Davy the Fat Boy 2:38
10. Red Bandana 2:19
11. Old Man 2:38
12. Real Emotional Girl 2:32
13. I Love to See You Smile 2:26
14. I Love L.A. 2:32
15. Bad News from Home 3:01
16. I'll Be Home 2:34

BONUS TRACKS

17. Feels Like Home 4:54
18. A Wedding in Cherokee County 3:00
19. Family Album: Homage to Alfred, Emil and Lionel Newman 4:01
20. A Few Words in Defense of Our Country 4:07
21. I'm Dreaming 3:12
22. Wandering Boy 3:15

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SHORT PEOPLE

Short people got no reason
Short people got no reason
Short people got no reason
To live

They got little hands
Little eyes
They walk around
Tellin' great big lies
They got little noses
And tiny little teeth
They wear platform shoes
On their nasty little feet

Well, I don't want no short people
Don't want no short people
Don't want no short people
'Round here

Short people are just the same
As you and I
(A fool such as I)
All men are brothers
Until the day they die
(It's a wonderful world)

Short people got nobody
Short people got nobody
Short people got nobody
To love

They got little baby legs
That stand so low
You got to pick 'em up
Just to say hello
They got little cars
That go beep, beep, beep
They got little voices
Goin' peep, peep, peep
They got grubby little fingers
And dirty little minds
They're gonna get you every time

Well, I don't want no short people
Don't want no short people
Don't want no short people
'Round here

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MAMA TOLD ME NOT TO COME

Will you have whiskey with your water
Or sugar with your tea?
What are these crazy questions
That they're asking of me?
This is the wildest party that there ever could be
Oh, don't turn on the light 'cause I don't want to see

Mama told me not to come
Mama told me not to come
Mama said, "That ain't no way to have fun"

Open up the window, let some air into this room
I think I'm almost choking on the smell of stale perfume
And that cigarette you're smoking 'bout to scare me half to death
Open up the window, let me catch my breath

Mama told me not to come
Mama told me not to come
Mama said, "That ain't no way to have fun"

The radio is blasting, someone's beating on the door
Our hostess is not lasting – she's out on the floor
I seen so many things here I ain't never seen before
I don't know what it is, but I don't wanna see no more

Mama told me not to come
Mama told me not to come
Mama said, "That ain't no way to have fun"

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LOVE STORY (YOU AND ME)

I like your mother
I like your brother
I like you
And you like me too
We'll get a preacher
I'll buy a ring
We'll hire a band
With an accordion
A violin
And a tenor who can sing

You and me, you and me, baby
You and me, you and me, you and me, baby
You and me, you and me, you and me, baby
You and me, you and me, you and me, baby

We'll have a kid
Or maybe we'll rent one
He's got to be straight
We don't want a bent one
He'll drink his baby brew
From a big brass cup
Someday he may be President
If things loosen up

You and me, you and me, baby
You and me, you and me, you and me, baby
You and me, you and me, you and me, baby
You and me, you and me, you and me, baby

I'll take the train into the city
Ev'ry mornin'
You may be plain – I think you're pretty
In the mornin'
Some nights we'll go out dancin'
If I am not too tired
Some nights we'll sit romancin'
Watching the Late Show by the fire

When our kids are grown
With kids of their own
They'll send us away
To a little home in Florida
We'll play checkers all day
Until we pass away

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BURN ON

There's a red moon rising
On the Cuyahoga River
Rolling into Cleveland to the lake

There's a red moon rising
On the Cuyahoga River
Rolling into Cleveland to the lake

There's an oil barge winding
Down the Cuyahoga River
Rolling into Cleveland to the lake

There's an oil barge winding
Down the Cuyahoga River
Rolling into Cleveland to the lake
Cleveland, city of light, city of magic
Cleveland, city of light, you're calling me
Cleveland, even now I can remember
'Cause the Cuyahoga River
Goes smokin' through my dreams

Burn on, big river, burn on
Burn on, big river, burn on
Now the Lord can make you tumble
And the Lord can make you turn
And the Lord can make you overflow
But the Lord can't make you burn

Burn on, big river, burn on
Burn on, big river, burn on

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YOU'VE GOT A FRIEND IN ME

You've got a friend in me
You've got a friend in me
When the road looks rough ahead
And you're miles and miles from your nice warm bed
You just remember what your old pal said
Boy, you've got a friend in me
Yeah, you've got a friend in me

You've got a friend in me
You've got a friend in me
You got troubles and I got 'em too
There isn't anything I wouldn't do for you
We stick together, we can see it through
'Cause you've got a friend in me
You've got a friend in me
Some other folks might be a little bit smarter than I am
Bigger and stronger too
Maybe
But none of them
Could ever love you the way I do
It's me and you, boy

And as the years go by
Our friendship will never die
You're gonna see it's our destiny
You've got a friend in me
You've got a friend in me
You've got a friend in me

Walt Disney Music Company (ASCAP)/Pixar Talking Pictures (ASCAP), administered by Walt Disney Music Company.

ROLLIN'

I never drink in the afternoon
I never drink alone
But I sure do like a drink or two
When I get home

Every evening what I do
I sit here in this chair
I pour myself some whiskey
And watch my troubles vanish into the air

Rollin', rollin'
Ain't gonna worry no more
Rollin', rollin'
Ain't gonna worry no more

Used to worry about gamblin'
Throwin' my money away
Used to worry about wastin' time
And layin' 'round the house all day

But I'm all right now
I'm all right now
I never thought I'd make it
But I always do somehow
I'm all right now

Rollin', rollin'
Ain't gonna worry no more
Rollin', rollin'
Ain't gonna worry no more

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GUILTY

Yes, baby, I been drinkin'
And I shouldn't come by, I know
But I found myself in trouble
And I had nowhere else to go

Got some whiskey from the barman
Got some cocaine from a friend
I just had to keep on movin'
'Til I was back in your arms again

I'm guilty, baby, I'm guilty
And I'll be guilty all the rest of my life
How come I never do what I'm supposed to do
How come nothin' that I try to do ever turns out right?

You know, you know how it is with me, baby
You know I just can't stand myself
And it takes a whole lot of medicine
For me to pretend that I'm somebody else

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SIMON SMITH AND THE AMAZING DANCING BEAR

I may go out tomorrow if I can borrow a coat to wear
Oh, I'd step out in style with my sincere smile and my dancing bear
Outrageous, alarming, courageous, charming
Oh, who would think a boy and bear
Could be well accepted everywhere
It's just amazing how fair people can be

Seen at the nicest places where well-fed faces all stop to stare
Making the grandest entrance is Simon Smith and his dancing bear
They'll love us, won't they?
They feed us, don't they?
Oh, who would think a boy and bear
Could be well accepted everywhere
It's just amazing how fair people can be

Who needs money when you're funny?
The big attraction everywhere
Will be Simon Smith and his dancing bear
It's Simon Smith and the amazing dancing bear

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DAVY THE FAT BOY

I've been his friend since we were little babies
I was a comfort to his mother and a pal to his dad
Before they passed away they said,
"Please take care of our Davy
You may be the only friend he ever will have"

Davy the fat boy, Davy the fat boy
Isn't he round? Isn't he round?

What do he weigh, folks?
Can you guess what he weighs?
It's only a quarter
Win a teddy bear for the girlfriend
Or something for the wife
You got to let this fat boy in your life

I think we can persuade him to do
The famous fat boy dance for you
Give me half a chance
I just know you'll like my fat boy's dance

Davy the fat boy, Davy the fat boy
Isn't he
Isn't he round?

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RED BANDANA

Left Los Angeles a short while ago
Flew 'cross the country back to Buffalo
Walked around through the sleet and the snow
With a red bandana on my head
Saw my momma on 12th and Grand
Backed up in the alley with a hip-hop man
They were both so loaded they could hardly stand
Talkin' 'bout going to Mexico

I said, "Momma, I was born
But out there I was born again
Been clear to California and back
Was out there so long many times I thought I was dead"
She said, "Sonny, what's that you got wrapped around your head?"
It's a red bandana
It's a red bandana
It's a red bandana
It's from Hollywood, USA

Looked for the woman I used to love
Seen her in a bar off the Harlem road
Sitting in a booth with Charley Hobbs
And this ugly little dude whom I didn't know
She said, "Honey, you're back, I'm so glad
When you was gone I was so sad
You come in here lookin' so bad
With that red bandana on your head
With that red bandana on your head"
Yes! It's a red bandana
It's a red bandana
It's a red bandana
And it's red just like your blood is

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OLD MAN

Everyone has gone away
Can you hear me? Can you hear me?
No one cared enough to stay
Can you hear me?
You must remember me, old man
I know that you can if you try
So just open up your eyes, old man
Look who's come to say goodbye

The sun has left the sky, old man
The birds have flown away
And no one came to cry, old man
Goodbye, old man, goodbye

You want to stay, I know you do
But it ain't no need to try
'Cause I'll be here, and I'm just like you
Goodbye, old man, goodbye

Won't be no God to comfort you
You taught me not to believe that lie
You don't need anybody
Nobody needs you
Don't cry, old man, don't cry
Everybody dies

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REAL EMOTIONAL GIRL

She's a real emotional girl
She wears her heart on her sleeve
Every little thing you tell her
She'll believe
She really will

She even cries in her sleep
I've heard her
Many times before
I never had a girl who loved me
Half as much as this girl loves me
She's real emotional

For eighteen years she lived at home
She was Daddy's little girl
And Daddy helped her move out on her own
She met a boy
He broke her heart
And now she lives alone
And she's very, very careful
Yes she is

She's a real emotional girl
Lives down deep inside her herse!f
She turns on easy
It's like a hurricane
You would not believe it
You gotta hold on tight to her
She's a real emotional girl

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I LOVE TO SEE YOU SMILE

I was born to make you happy
I think you're just my style
Everywhere I go, tellin' everyone I know
Baby, I love to see you smile

Don't want to take a trip to China
Don't wanna sail up the Nile
Wouldn't wanna get too far from where you are
'Cause I love to see you smile

Like a sink without a faucet
Like a watch without a dial
What would I do if I didn't have you
I love to see you smile

In the summer, in the springtime
The winter or the fall
The only place I wanna be
Is where I can see you smile at me

In a world that's full of trouble
You make it all worthwhile
What would I do if I didn't have you
I love to see you smile
I love to see you smile

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I LOVE L.A.

Hate New York City
It's cold and it's damp
And all the people dressed like monkeys
Let's leave Chicago to the Eskimos
That town's a little bit too rugged
For you and me, you bad girl

Rollin' down the Imperial Highway
With a big nasty redhead at my side
Santa Ana winds blowin' hot from the north
And we was born to ride

Roll down the window, put down the top
Crank up the Beach Boys, baby
Don't let the music stop
We're gonna ride it till we just can't ride it no more

From the South Bay to the Valley
From the West Side to the East Side
Everybody's very happy
'Cause the sun is shining all the time
Looks like another perfect day

I love L.A. (We love it)
I love L.A. (We love it)

Look at that mountain
Look at those trees
Look at that bum over there, man
He's down on his knees
Look at these women
There ain't nothin' like 'em nowhere

Century Boulevard (We love it)
Victory Boulevard (We love it)
Santa Monica Boulevard (We love it)
Sixth Street
We love L.A.

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BAD NEWS FROM HOME

High on a cliff in Mexico
Staring down at the rocks and the sea below
I can hear the church bells ring
I can hear the choir

I remember the night she left
I drove to the station in the pouring rain
Sat all night behind my big iron desk
The oil on the water made a rainbow

At the end of this bone-white gravel road
They both lie sleeping on a feather bed
And her hair is black as the sky at night
But her eyes are gray like the moon
You can run but you can't hide
You can run but you can't hide
You said you love me but I know you lied
You said you love me but I know you lied

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I'LL BE HOME

I'll be home
I'll be home
When your nights are troubled
And you're all alone
When you're feeling down
And need some sympathy
And there's no one else around
To keep you company
Remember, baby,
You can always count on me

I'll be home
I'll be home
I'll be home
I'll be home
I'll be home
Wherever you may wander
And wherever you may roam
You come back
I'll be waiting here for you
No one else will ever love you
The way I do
I'll be here to comfort you
And see you through

I'll be home
I'll be home
I'll be home

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FEELS LIKE HOME

Something in your eyes
Makes me want to lose myself
Makes me want to lose myself
In your arms

There's something in your voice
Makes my heart beat fast
Hope this feeling lasts
The rest of my life

If you knew how lonely my life has been
And how low I've felt for so long
If you knew how I wanted someone to come along
And change my world the way you've done

Feels like home to me
Feels like home to me
Feels like I'm all the way back where I come from
Feels like home to me
Feels like home to me

Feels like I'm all the way back where I belong

A window breaks
Down a long dark street
And a siren wails in the night
But that's alright 'cause I have you here with me
And I can almost see
Through the dark there's a light

If you knew how much this moment means to me
And how long I've waited for your touch
If you knew how happy you are making me
I never thought I'd love anyone so much

Feels like home to me
Feels like home to me
Feels like I'm all the way back where I come from
Feels like home to me
Feels like home to me
Feels like I'm all the way back where I belong
Feels like I'm all the way back where I belong

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A WEDDING IN CHEROKEE COUNTY

There she is sitting there
Out behind the smokehouse in her rocking chair
She don't say nothin'
She don't do nothin'
She don't feel nothin'
She don't know nothin'
Maybe she's crazy, I don't know
Maybe that's why I love her so

Her papa was a midget
Her mama was a whore
Her granddad was a newsboy 'til he was eighty-four
Man, don't you think I know she hates me
Man, don't you think I know that she's no good
If she knew how she'd be unfaithful to me
I think she'd kill me if she could
Maybe she's crazy, I don't know
Maybe that's why I love her so

I'm not afraid of the grey wolf
Who stalks through our forest at dawn
As long as I have her beside me
I have the strength to carry on
Today we will be married
And all the freaks that she knows will be there
And all the people from the village will be there
To congratulate us
I will carry her across the threshold
I will make dim the light
I will attempt to spend my love within her
Though I will try with all my might
She will laugh at my mighty sword
She will laugh at my mighty sword
Why must everybody laugh at my mighty sword?
Lord, help me if you will
Maybe we're both crazy, I don't know
Maybe that's why I love her so

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FAMILY ALBUM: HOMAGE TO ALFRED, EMIL AND LIONEL NEWMAN

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A FEW WORDS IN DEFENSE OF OUR COUNTRY

I'd like to say a few words in defense of our country
Whose people aren't bad
Nor are they mean
Now the leaders we have
While they're the worst that we've had
Are hardly the worst
This poor world has seen
Let's turn history's pages, shall we?

Take the Caesars for example
Within the first few of them
They were sleeping with their sisters
Stashing little boys in swimming pools
And burning down the city
And one of 'em, one of 'em
Named his own horse to be Consul of the Empire
That's like vice president or something
That's not a very good example, is it?
Here's one
The Spanish Inquisition
Put people in a terrible position
I don't even like to think about it
Well sometimes I like to think about it

Just a few words in defense of our country
Whose time at the top
Could be coming to an end
We don't want their love
Respect at this point is pretty much out of the question
But times like these
We sure could use a friend

Hitler
Stalin
Men who need no introduction

King Leopold of Belgium, that's right
Everyone thinks he's so great
Well he owned the Congo and he tore it up too
He took the diamonds
Took the silver
Took the gold
You know what he left them with?
Malaria

A president once said
"The only thing we have to fear is fear itself"
Now it seems like we're supposed to be afraid
It's patriotic in fact and color-coded
And what are we supposed to be afraid of?
Why of being afraid
That's what terror means, doesn't it?
That's what it used to mean

You know it kind of pisses me off
That this Supreme Court is going to outlive me
A couple of young Italian fellas and a brother on the Court now, too
But I defy you, anywhere in the world
To find me two Italians as tight-assed as the two Italians we got
And as for the brother, well
Pluto's not a planet anymore either

The end of an empire is messy at best
And this empire is ending
Like all the rest
Like the Spanish Armada adrift on the sea
We're adrift in the land of the brave and the home of the free

Goodbye
Goodbye
Goodbye

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I'M DREAMING

George Washington was a white man
Adams and Jefferson too
Abe Lincoln was a white man, probably
And William McKinley the whitest of them all
Was shot down by an immigrant in Buffalo
And a star fell out of heaven

I'm dreaming of a white President
Just like the ones we've always had
A real live white man
Who knows the score
How to handle money or start a war
Wouldn't even have to tell me what we were fighting for
He'd be the right man
If he were a...
Everybody

I'm dreaming of a white President
Someone whom we can understand
Someone who knows where we're coming from
And that the law of the jungle is not the law of this land

In deepest darkest Africa, nineteen three
A little boy says, "Daddy, I just discovered relativity
A big eclipse is coming
And I'll prove it. Wait and see!"

"You better eclipse yourself outta here, son
And find yourself a tree
There's a lion in the front yard
And he knows he won't catch me"

How many little Albert Einsteins
Cut down while in their prime?
How many little Ronald Reagans
Gobbled up before their time?

I don't believe in evolution
But it does occur to me,
What if little William Howard Taft had to face a lion
Or God forbid, climb a tree?
Where would this country be?

I'm dreaming buh buh buh buh
'Cause things have never been this bad
So he won't run the hundred in ten seconds flat
So he won't have a pretty jump shot
Or be an Olympic acrobat
So he won't know much about global warming
Is that really where you're at?
He won't be the brightest, perhaps
But he'll be the whitest
And I'll vote for that

Whiter than this?
Yes
Whiter than this?
Yes
Whiter than this?
Yes
Whiter than this?

Oh yeah

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